

A New Fashioned Marigold;

Or, Adainty New-Fashion devised for Tom Stitch the Taylor,

Then listen to my song a while,
I'm sure here's that will make you smile.
The tune is, *Behold the Man.*



There was a young man in his prime,
that lately would be wed,
And at the last with much ado,
his purpose he had sped.
For he had got a bonny lass,
to board and eke to bed,
And with hey ho the Marigold,
hey derry derry derry down.

At night when they should go to bed,
the cloaths they did unsyd.
They went into their naked beds,
and might do what they would.
He sought al-s, but could not find
out his wifes Marigold.
And with, &c.

He sought it high, he sought it low,
and also round about,
And yet he could not find it,
within the bed nor cut.
Which made this silly young man,
most greatly stand in doubt,
That his wife had never a Marigold, &c.

Sometimes in the morning,
for a Taylor he did serv,
And eke desir'd his counsel, for
he took him for his frierd.

My wife, quoth he, is lame alas,
the fault now you must mend,
For she hath, &c.

Therefore kind Taylor now, quoth he,
if thou wilt undertake,
A brave new fashion Marigold,
for my young wife to make.
He give thee forty shillings,
to spend even for my sake.
And with, &c.

But when the nimble Tay'or,
the money did behold,
And that the forty shillings,
into his hand was cold,
He undertook forthwith to make
a famous Marigold.
And with, &c.

With that the young man gave him
full twenty shillings more,
To buy brave silks and trimmings
to make it fine before,
For that's the onely fashion,
which now adays is wore.
And with hey ho the Marigold,
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Then said the nimble Taylor,
Once we are now together,
Pray let your wife go home with me,
that I may take eight measure.
And I'll make her a Marigold
Shall do you lasting pleasure.
And with hey ho the Marigold,
hey derry derry derry down.
To this the bonny Bridegroom,
did quickly give consent,
And so away the Tay'or
with the young woman went.
To his own house whereas 'tis thought
he did her well content.
With hey, &c.
He brought her to his chamber, and
upon the bed her laid,
And with his piercing Bodkin then,
he drove a subtle trade.
In less then half an hour,
the Marigold was made.
And with, &c.
When he had done the practice,
he brought her back again,
Unto her loving husband,
who did her entertain.

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He kist his wife and then he thankt,
the Taylor for his pain.
And with, &c.
That night they lay together,
the good man and his wife,
And merrily they concluded
their former care and strife.
For he was never pleas'd so well,
before in all his life,
As when he found her Marigold.
About a fortnight after that,
this woman was in pain,
It seems her pretty Marigold
was cut of frame again.
To go unto the Tay'or
she could not refrain,
And with, &c.
The Tay'or he took pains with her
to settle all things aright :
And as it is reported,
he lay with her all night.
And on the morrow morning,
with joy and much delight,
He sent her to her husband, with
hey derry derry derry down.
Finis.